

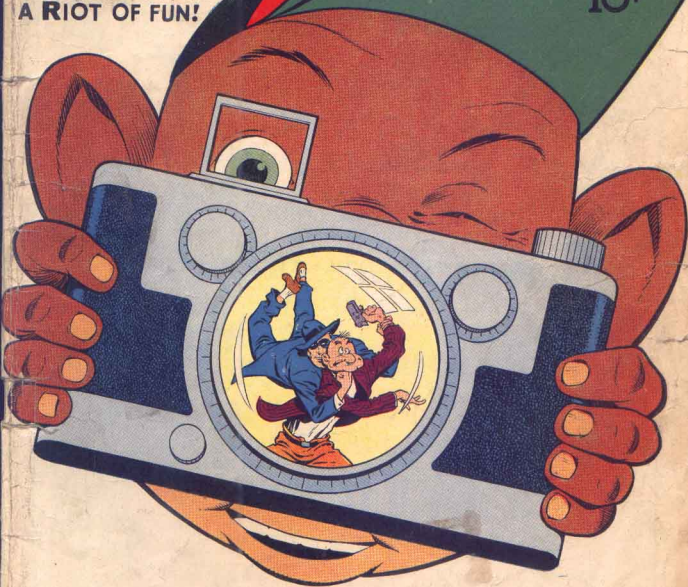
SMASH

COMICS

APRIL
No.70

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢

MIDNIGHT'S
THREE **R**s ---
RISK, ROUTE AND
A RIOT OF FUN!



- JACK COLE -



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

MODERN COMICS

THESE
TITLES ARE TOPS!



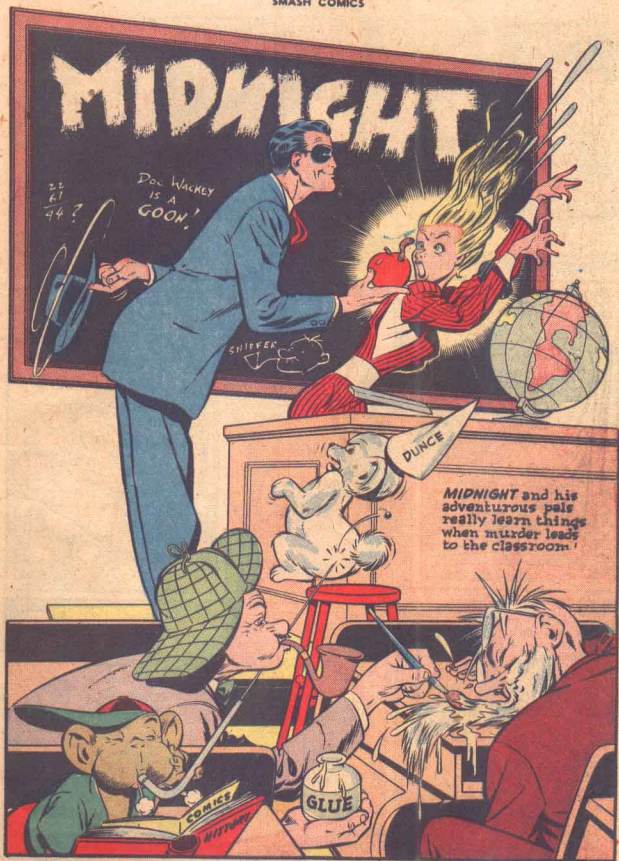
LOOK FOR
THE SEAL OF QUALITY

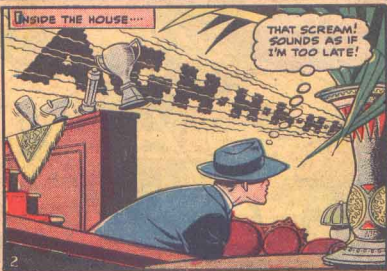


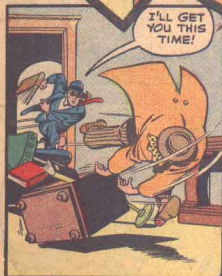
PACKED WITH 60 PAGES
OF
ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT COMICS NATIONAL COMICS

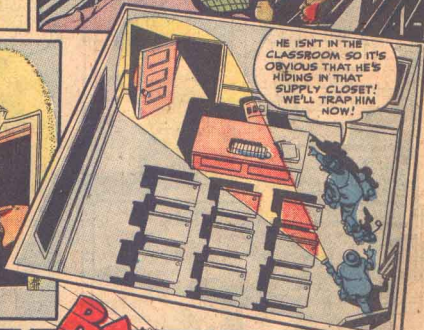
SMASH COMICS, April, 1947, No. 78. Published bi-monthly by E. M. Arnold, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Martin DeMuth, Editor. Yearly subscription (6 copies) \$1.00. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter, June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 43rd St., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1946 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U.S.A.







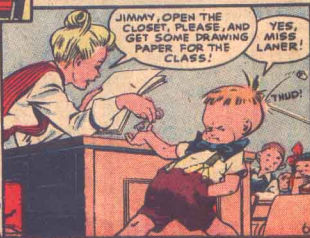


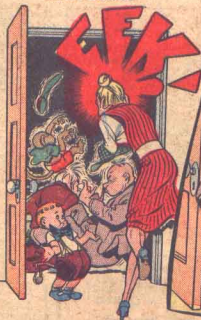
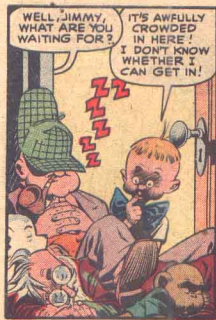


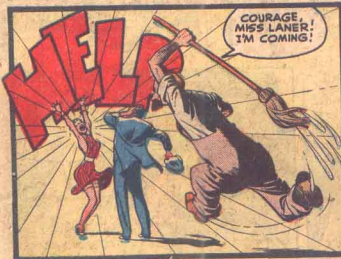
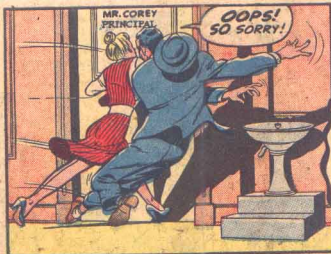
AND OUTSIDE...



LAST THE RADIO STATION NOBODY KNOWS THAT DAVE CLARK, THE RADIO ANNOUNCER, IS ALSO MIDNIGHT!







SAVE YOUR SYMPATHY, MISS LANER, AND EXPLAIN WHY YOU WERE SHRIEKING LIKE A MAD-WOMAN!

OH! OH!
YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME IN THAT TONE OF VOICE! MR. BROWER NEVER USED TO TALK TO ME THAT WAY!

WE WON'T DISCUSS MY PREDECESSOR, MISS LANER! HIS INCOMPETENCE IS WELL KNOWN AND THE SCHOOL BOARD TOOK CARE OF HIM!

AND LATELY SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TAKING CARE OF THE SCHOOL BOARD!

SO HE HAS... I MEAN... **HAS HE?** I MEAN... YES, I'VE READ SOMETHING ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS! ANYWAY, **WHO ARE YOU?** WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU, MR. COREY! HE ISN'T THE **ONLY SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER** HERE! MY CLASSROOM IS **FULL** OF THEM!

YES! I FOUND TWO STRANGE-LOOKING MEN, A MONKEY AND A BEAR IN MY SUPPLY CLOSET! ONE OF THE MEN HAD A GUN!

YOUR CLASSROOM?

SO THAT'S WHERE THEY ARE!

DEAR...DEAR! THIS WILL NEVER DO! IT'S BAD FOR DISCIPLINE!

THERE THEY ARE!

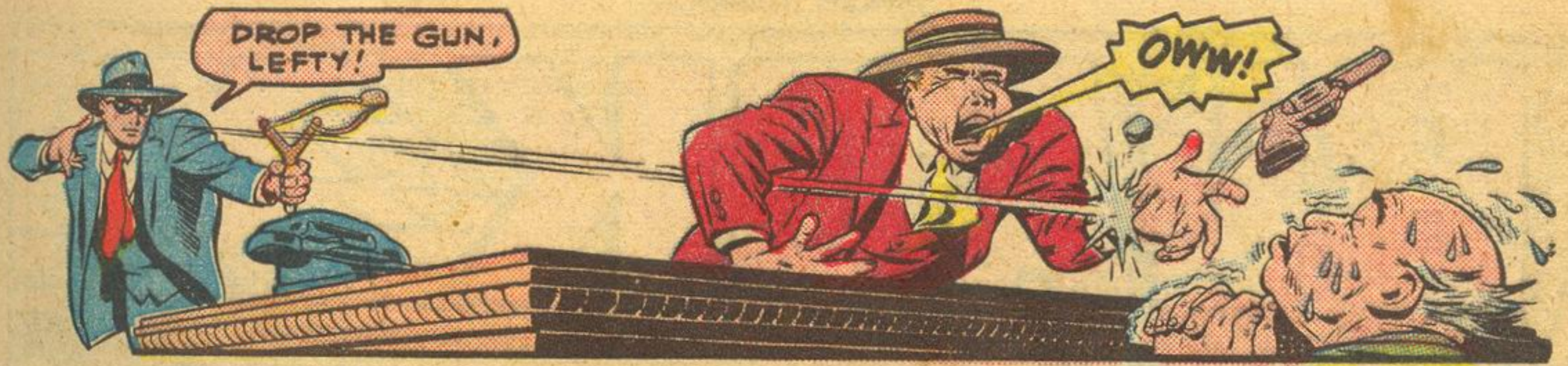
HEY, MIDNIGHT! CALL OFF THIS BRAT!

HA HA HO HO

MIDNIGHT? GOSH!

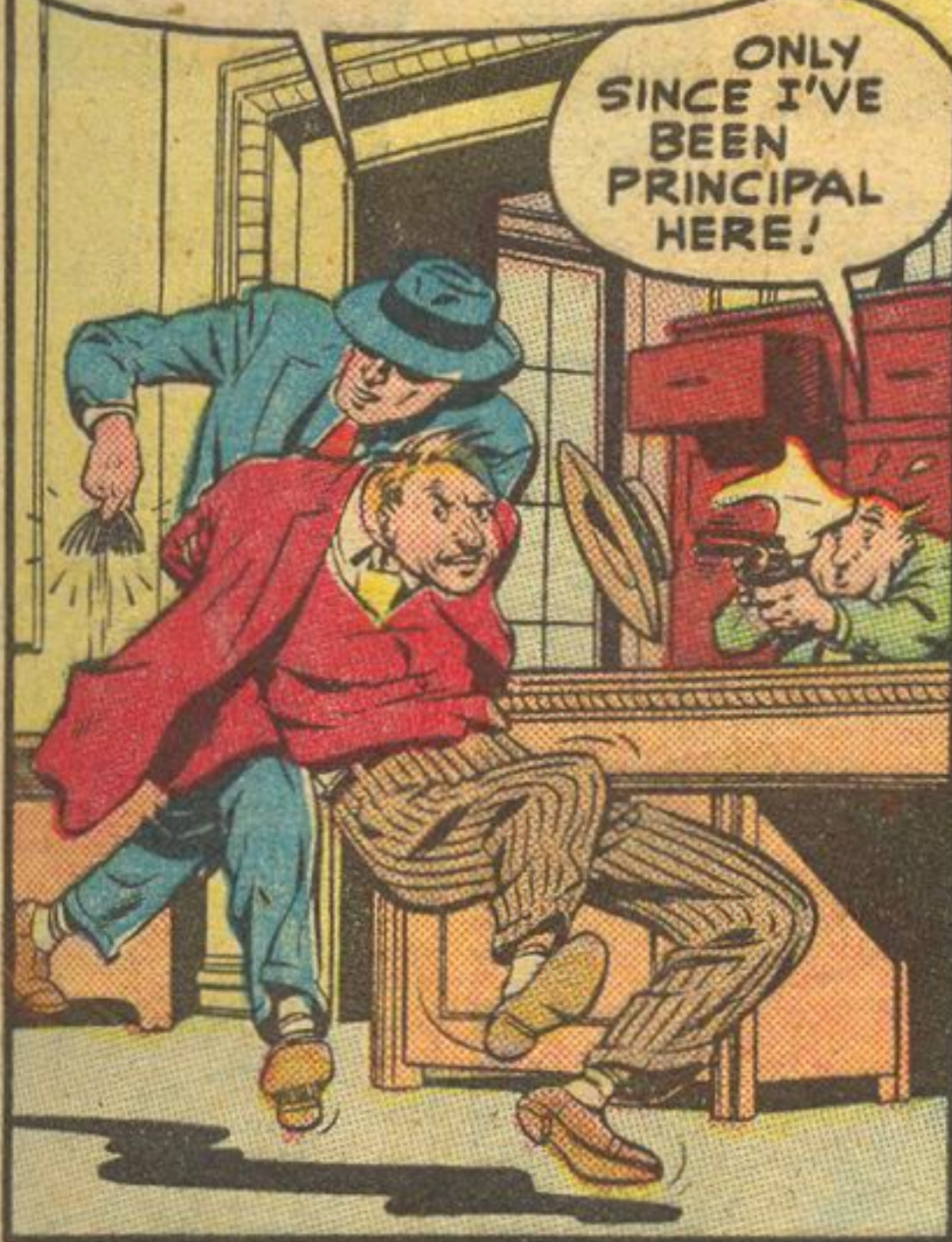
IT'S ALL RIGHT, SON! THE BIG, BAD MEN WON'T TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF NOW!





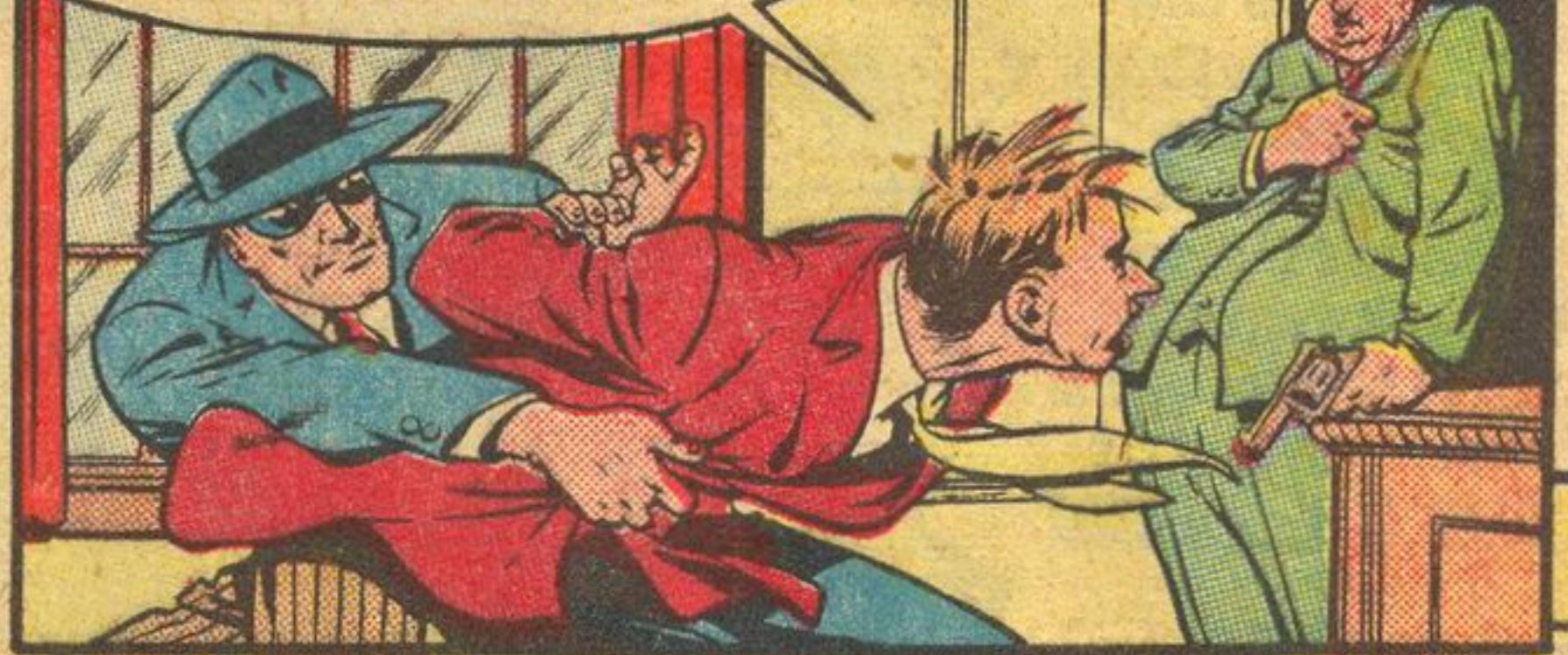
THE **FALSE MOUSTACHE** OF OUR FRIEND, THE JANITOR! HOW LONG HAS HE HAD THAT JOB, MR. COREY?

ONLY SINCE I'VE BEEN PRINCIPAL HERE!



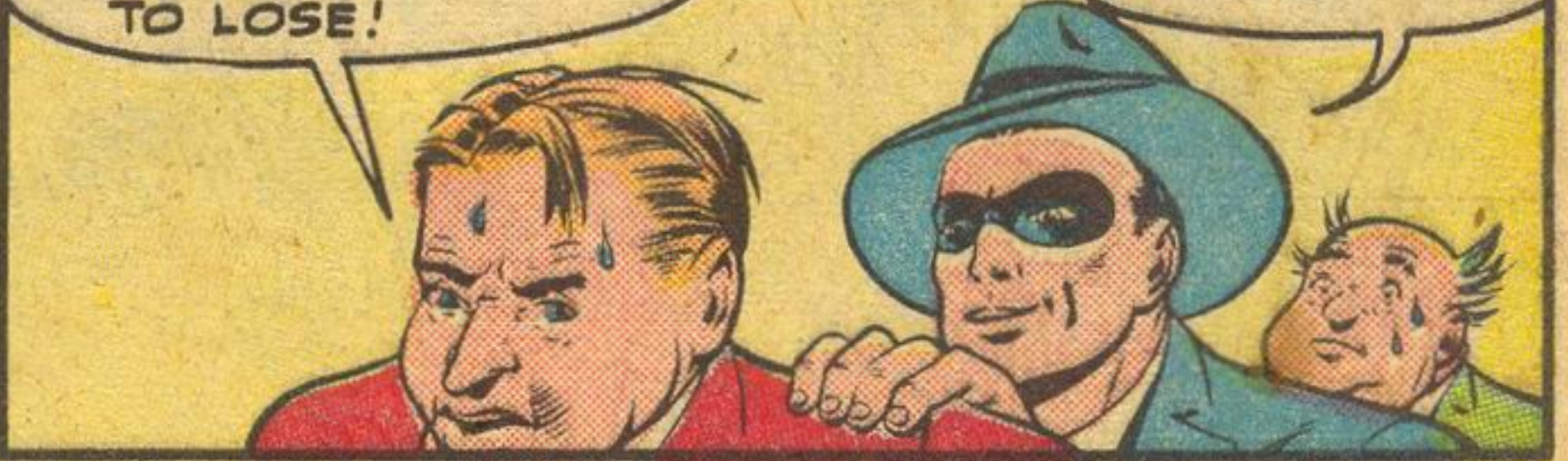
THE SCHOOL BOARD DISGRACED ME FOR MISAPPROPRIATING SCHOOL FUNDS! I SWORE I'D GET EVEN SO I DISGUISED MYSELF AND GOT THE JOB AS JANITOR!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



I WASN'T GOING TO KILL COREY UNTIL THE EXCITEMENT OF LAST NIGHT'S MURDER WAS OVER, BUT WHEN YOU TURNED UP TODAY I KNEW I HAD NO TIME TO LOSE!

IF YOU'D USED YOUR **RIGHT** HAND ONCE IN A WHILE AND HADN'T FLASHED THAT **POLKA-DOT** HANDKERCHIEF, YOU MIGHT HAVE GOT BY WITH IT, BROWSER!

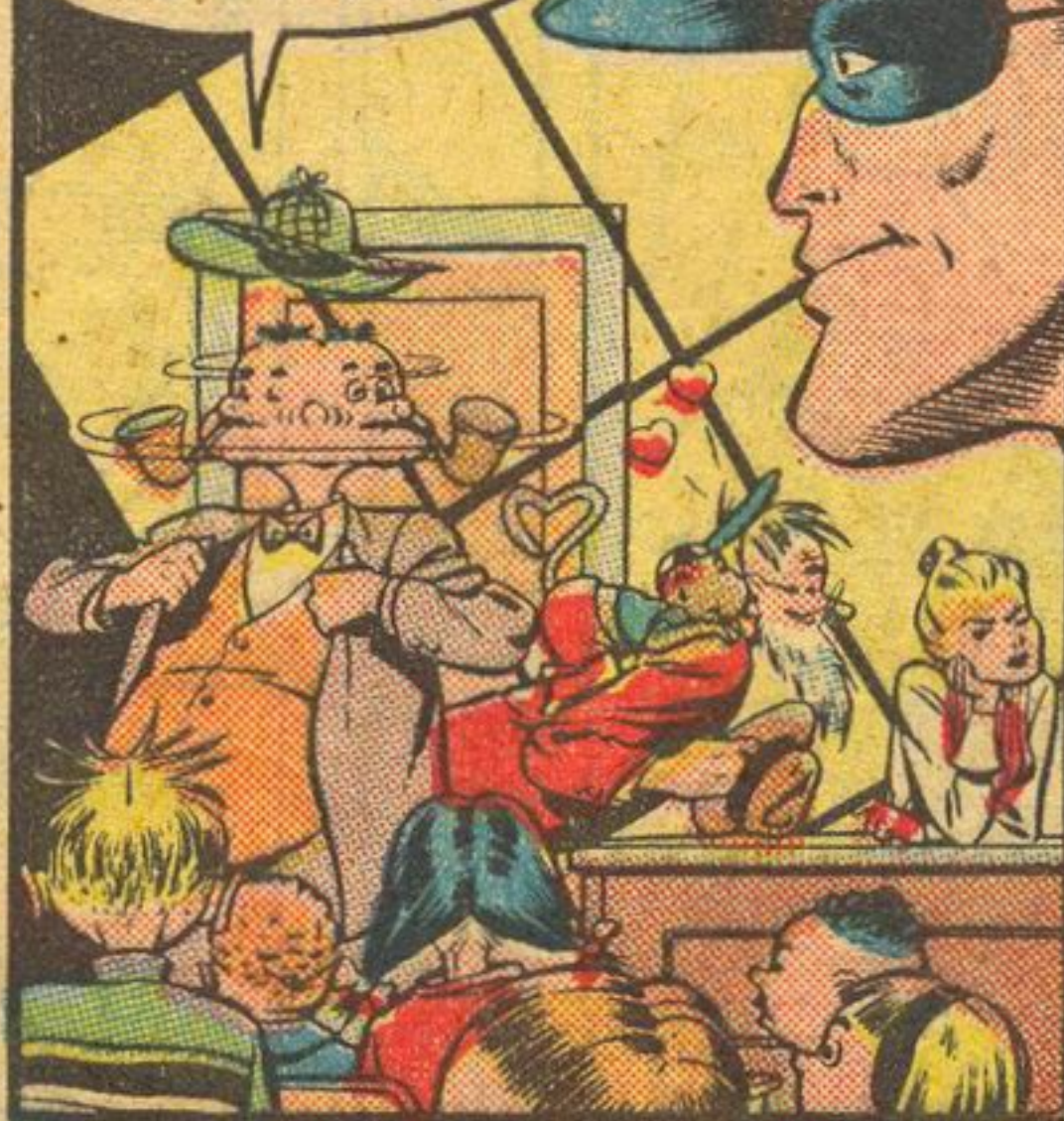


ONE HOUR LATER...

THE COPS HAVE BROWSER NOW! I'LL TELL THE GANG IT'S ALL OVER!

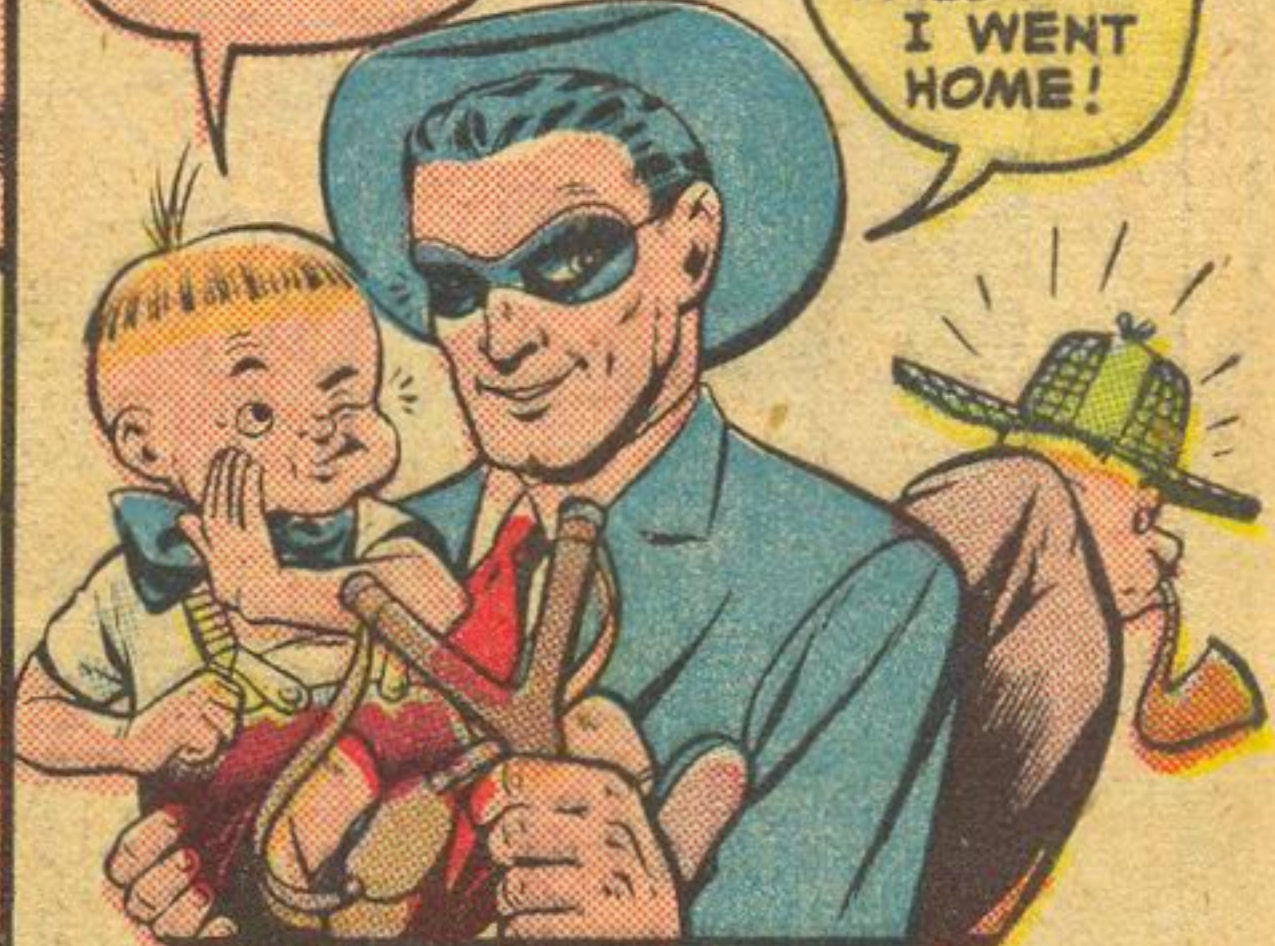


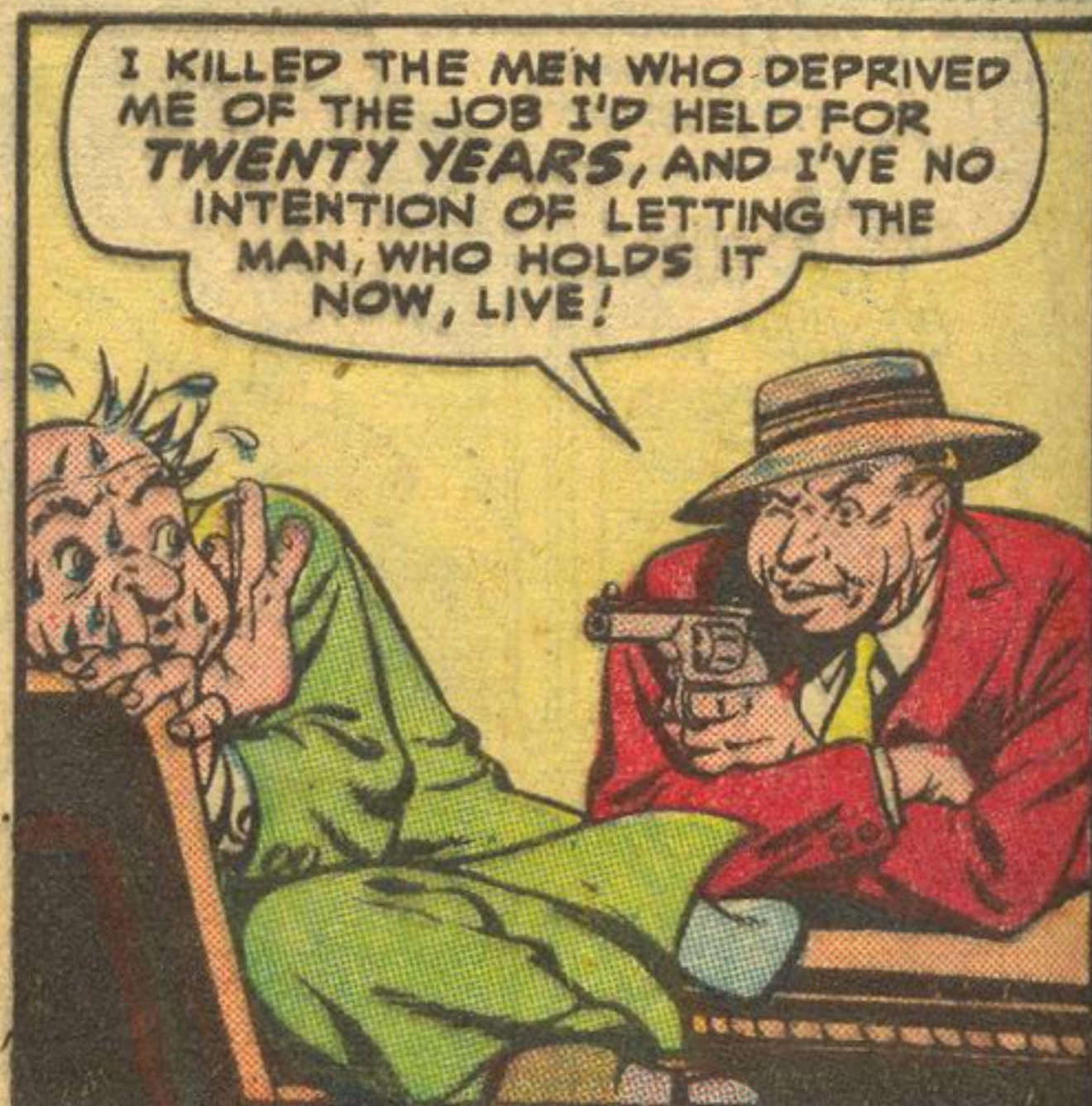
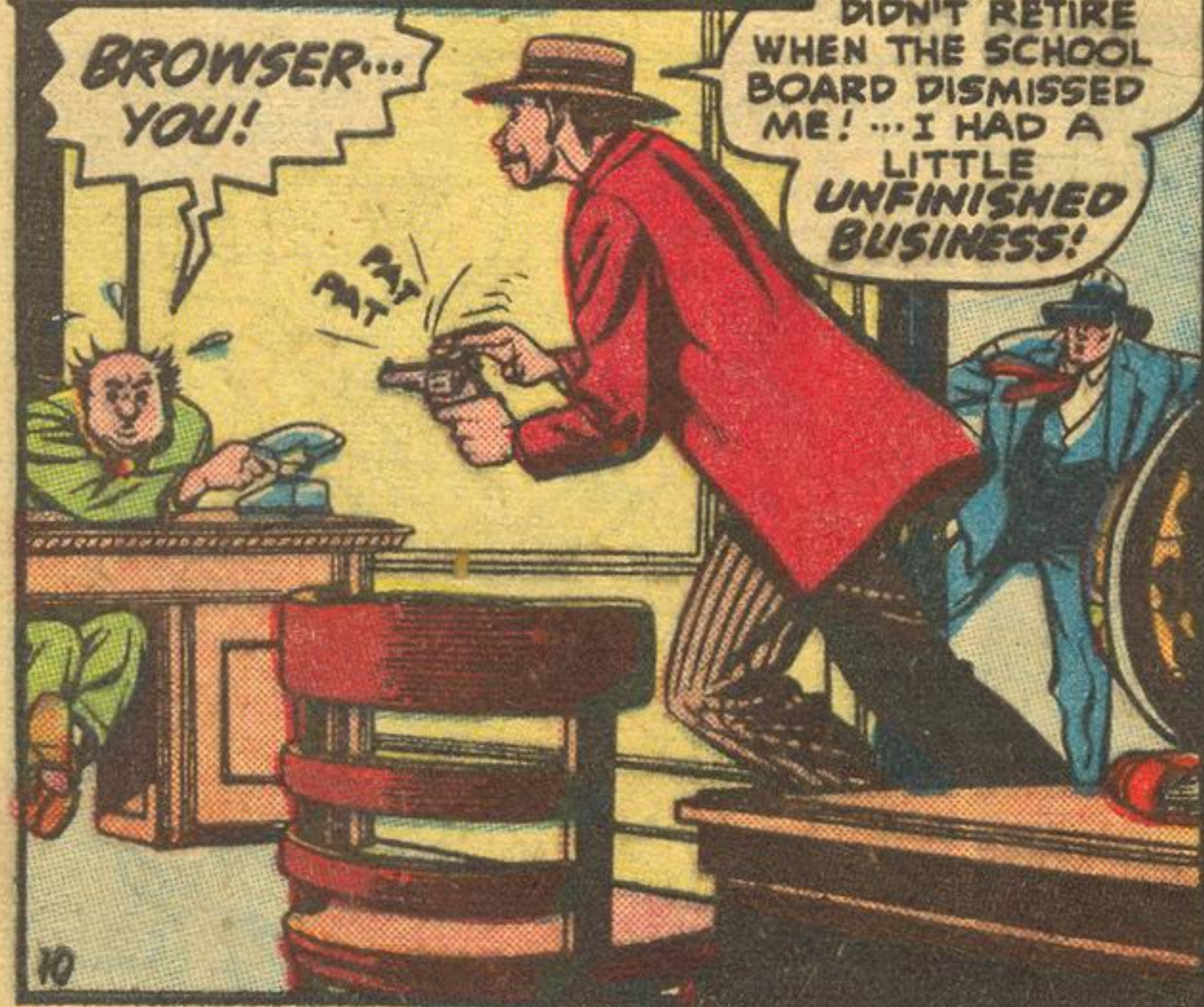
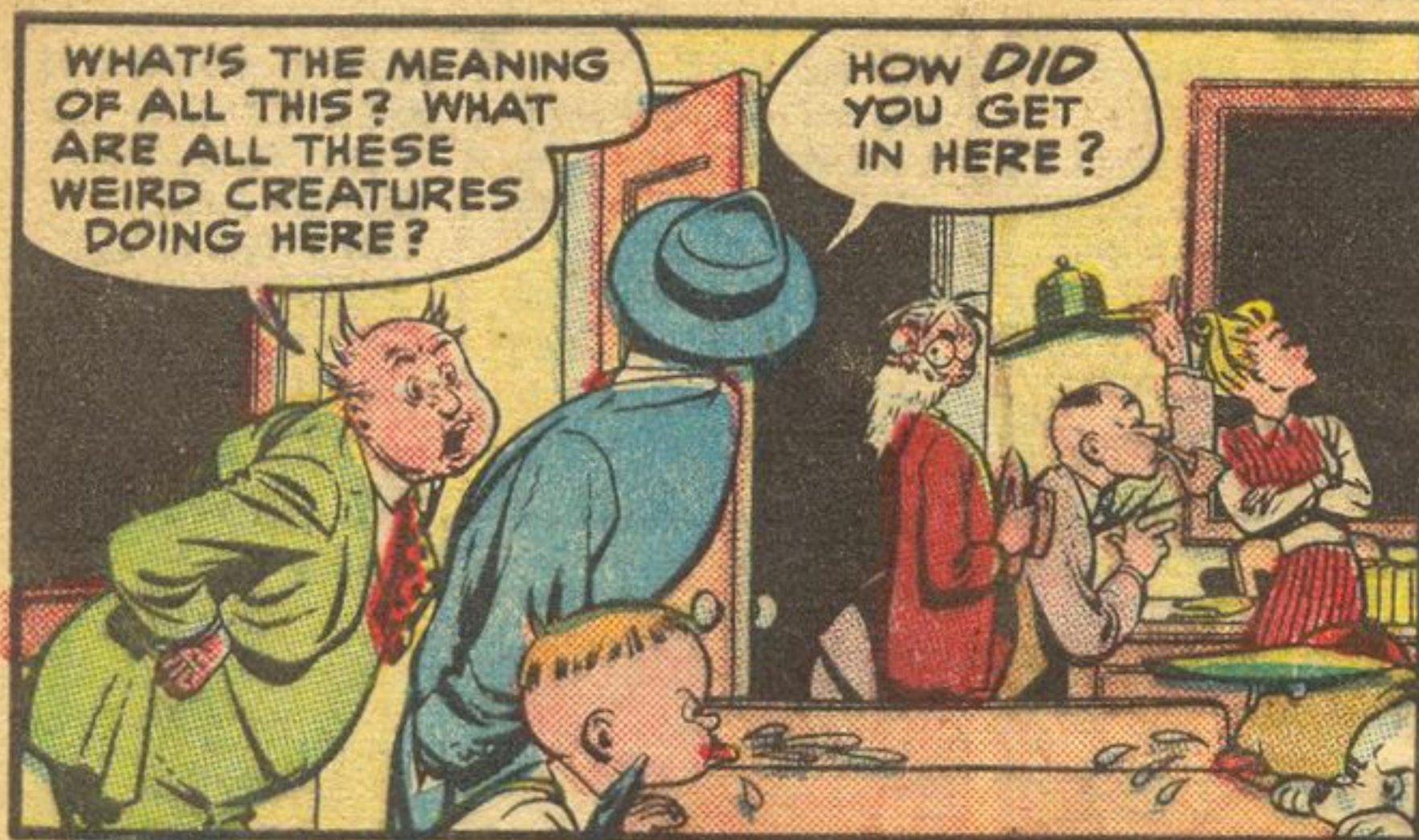
SO I TURNED THE CROOK OVER TO THE COPS AND ACCEPTED THE REWARD OF... ER... I GUESS THAT'S ALL OF THE STORY!



MIDNIGHT, SNIFFER SNOOP HAS BEEN TELLING US HOW HE BECAME A GREAT DETECTIVE! GEE, HE'S HAD SOME THRILLING EXPERIENCES, ALL RIGHT!

HERE'S YOUR SLING SHOT, JIMMY... AND THANKS! NOW I THINK IT'S TIME MY **HEROIC** PALS AND I WENT HOME!





BLACK X

Hunter of shadows, prober of mysteries... **BLACK X** drives straight to the heart of evil's black secrets and, with his devout friend and servant, **BATU**, uncovers the mystery of **THE GREEN BOX!**



All the best people attend the parties given at the glittering mansion of the Willoughbys....

AND YOUR OCCUPATION IS MURDER? HOW FASCINATING!

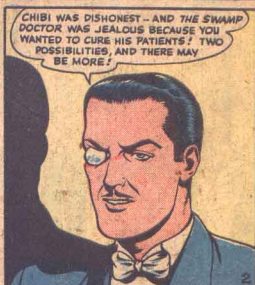
IF IT FASCINATED FEWER PEOPLE, I'D BE LESS BUSY, DEAR LADY! ... DO I HEAR SOMETHING AT THE DOOR?

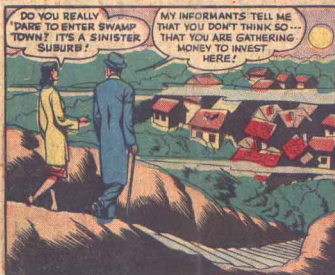


BUT, I SAY---NOBODY COMES IN WITHOUT AN INVITATION!

DO NOT BAR ME! I MUST SEE **BLACK X!**

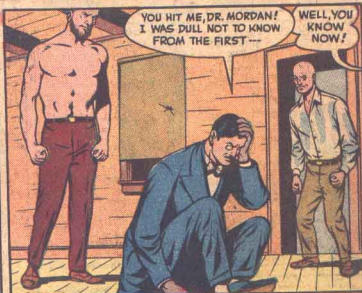


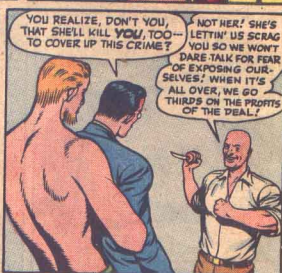
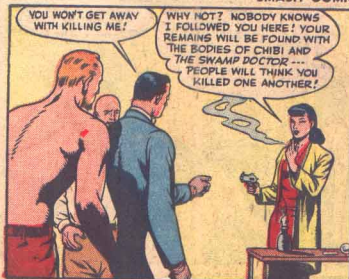














Archie O'TOOLE

OH, GRAND CHAMBERLAIN!

WHAT ABOUT THEM FARMERS WHO ARE BACK IN THEIR TAXES?

ALL DAY LONG, O KING, THE FARMERS HAVE BEEN FILING INTO TOWN!

GOOD! IT'S ABOUT TIME THEM CABBAGE NURSERS CAME ACROSS AND TICKLED THE TREASURY!

AYE, SIRE ... ALREADY HAVE YOUR TAX-LAX PEASANTRY PONIED UP AND PAID!

SWELL! THEN I'LL GO CALMLY IN AND COUNT THE CASH!

ONE MINUTE, YOUR MAJESTY... PLEASE!

LEGGO! IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN ANY REAL FOLDING MONEY, I WANNA SALUTE AND SALAAM TO THE PRECIOUS STUFF!

BUT THERE'S ONE LITTLE DETAIL I DIDN'T MENTION!

THE ONLY DETAIL I CARE ABOUT IS THEM TAXES PUTTING ME BACK ON MY FEET!

WELL, THERE'S THE TAXES, BUT THE KING'S STILL OFF HIS FEET.... I FEAR....

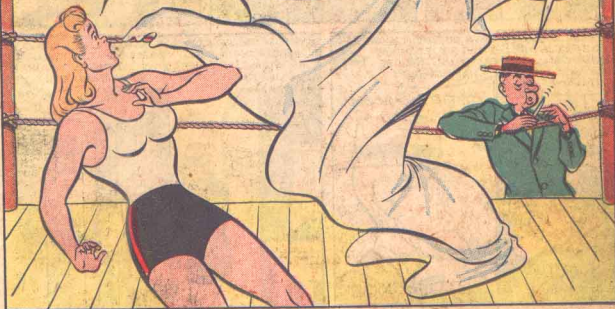
...BECAUSE, HAVIN' NO DOUGH, THE PEASANTS PAID OFF IN PIGS!

HELP!

DAFFY

BUT, DEKE,
I CAN'T WRESTLE
WITH A
GHOST!

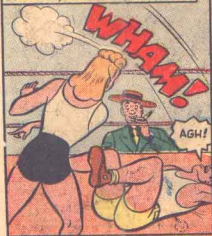
NOW, DAFFY,
LET'S NOT BE
FUSSY! REMEMBER,
WE GET THE LONG
END OF THE
PURSE!



Daffy Dill, the lady wrestling
champion, finishes another
match, as her manager, Deke
Parsons, looks on

THERE GOES ANOTHER
ONE OF YOUR BOYS,
ANGIE! DAFFY'LL DO
IT EVERY TIME!

GRR-R!



AGH!

SHE'S
M'GIRL!

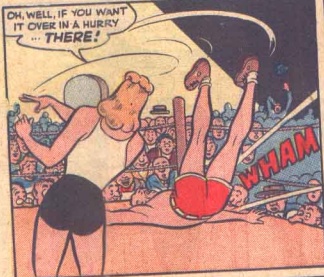
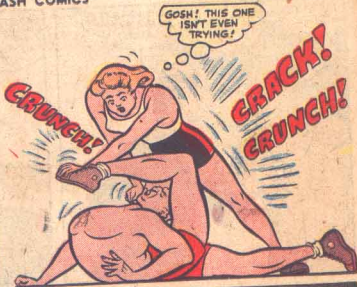
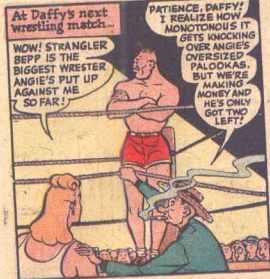
IT'S
TOO BAD,
ANGIE!

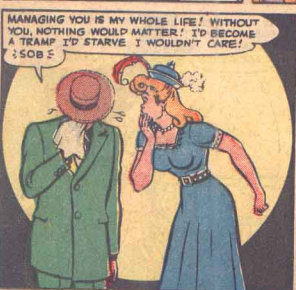
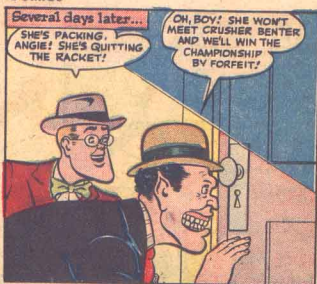
WRAH!

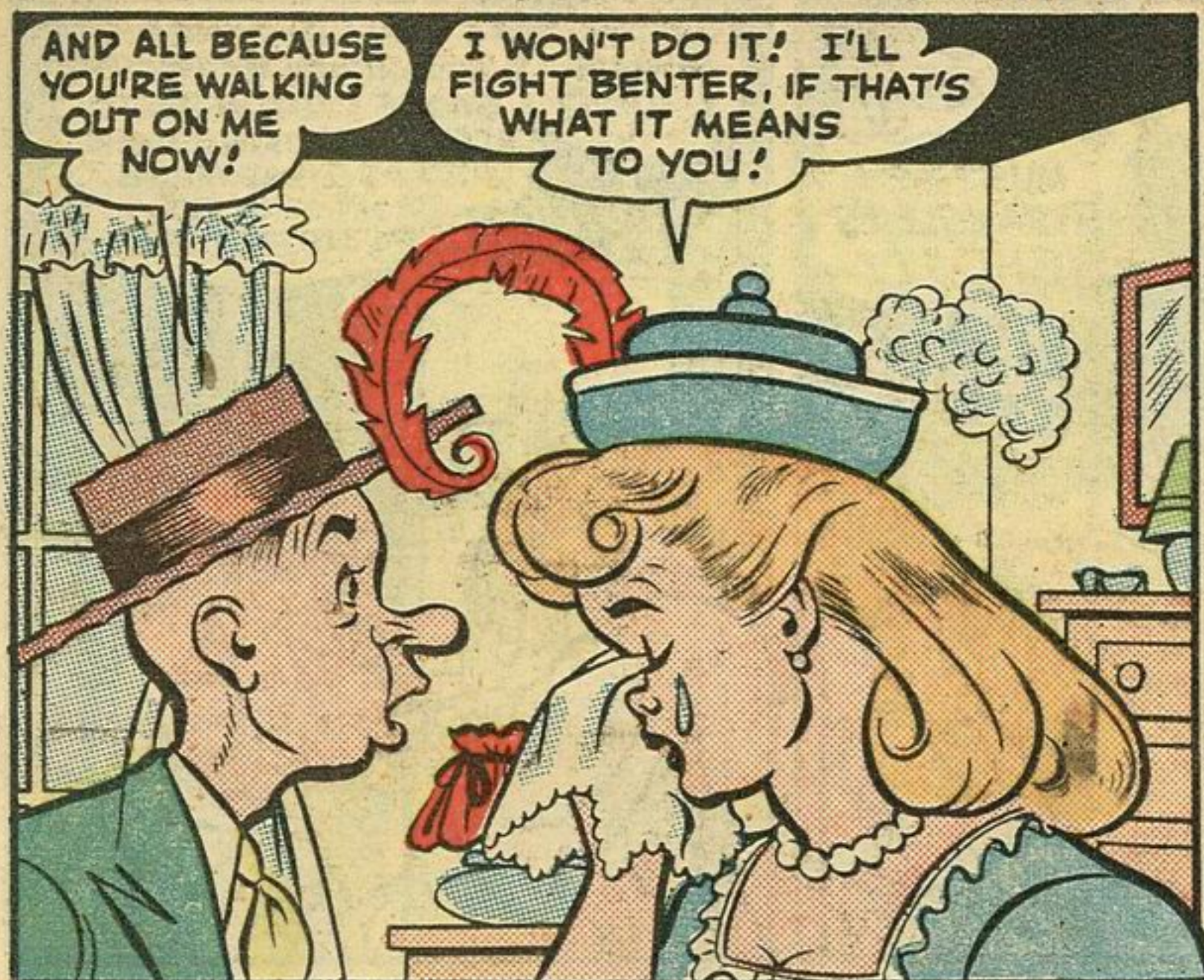
RAY FEE
DAFFY!

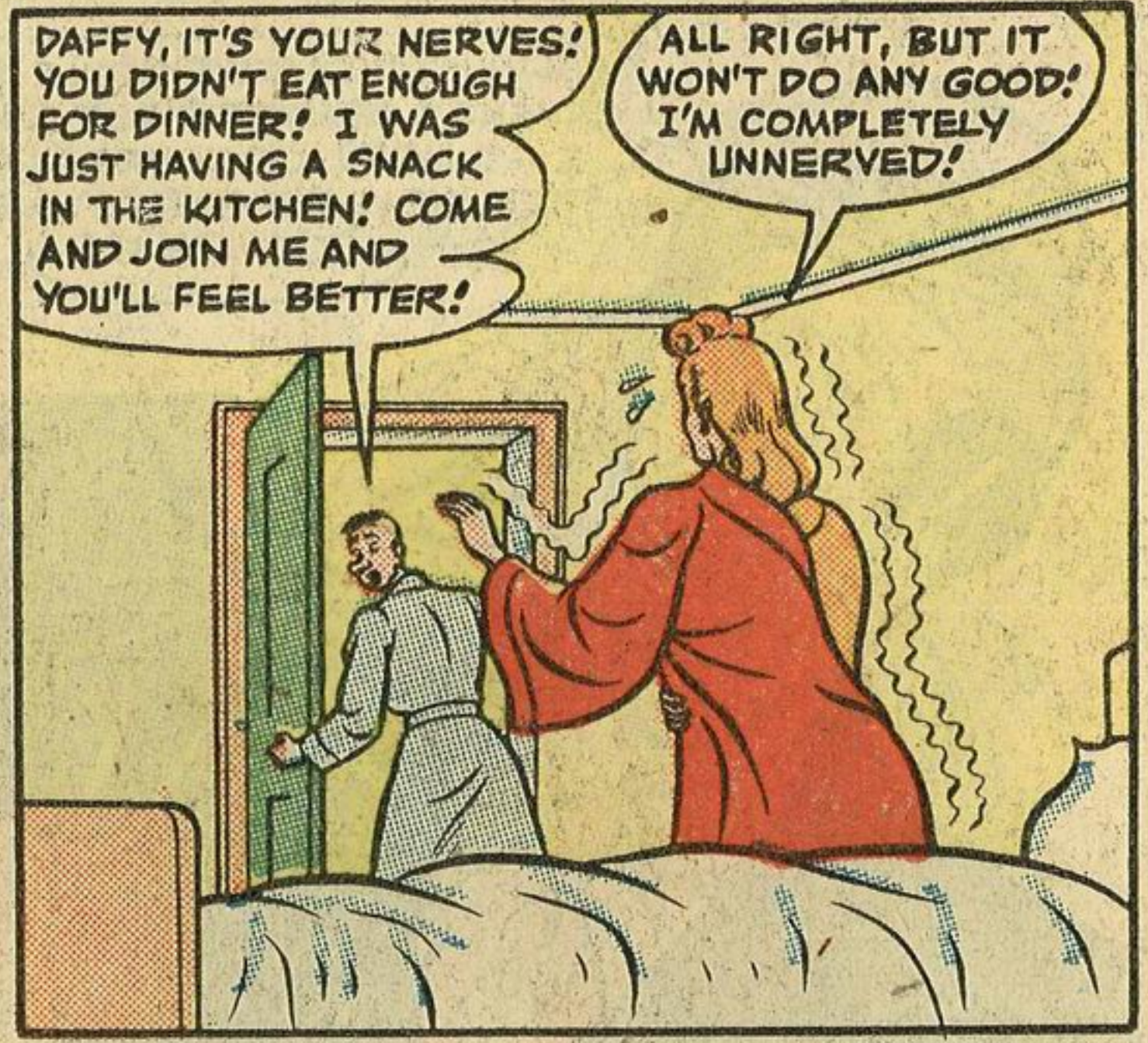




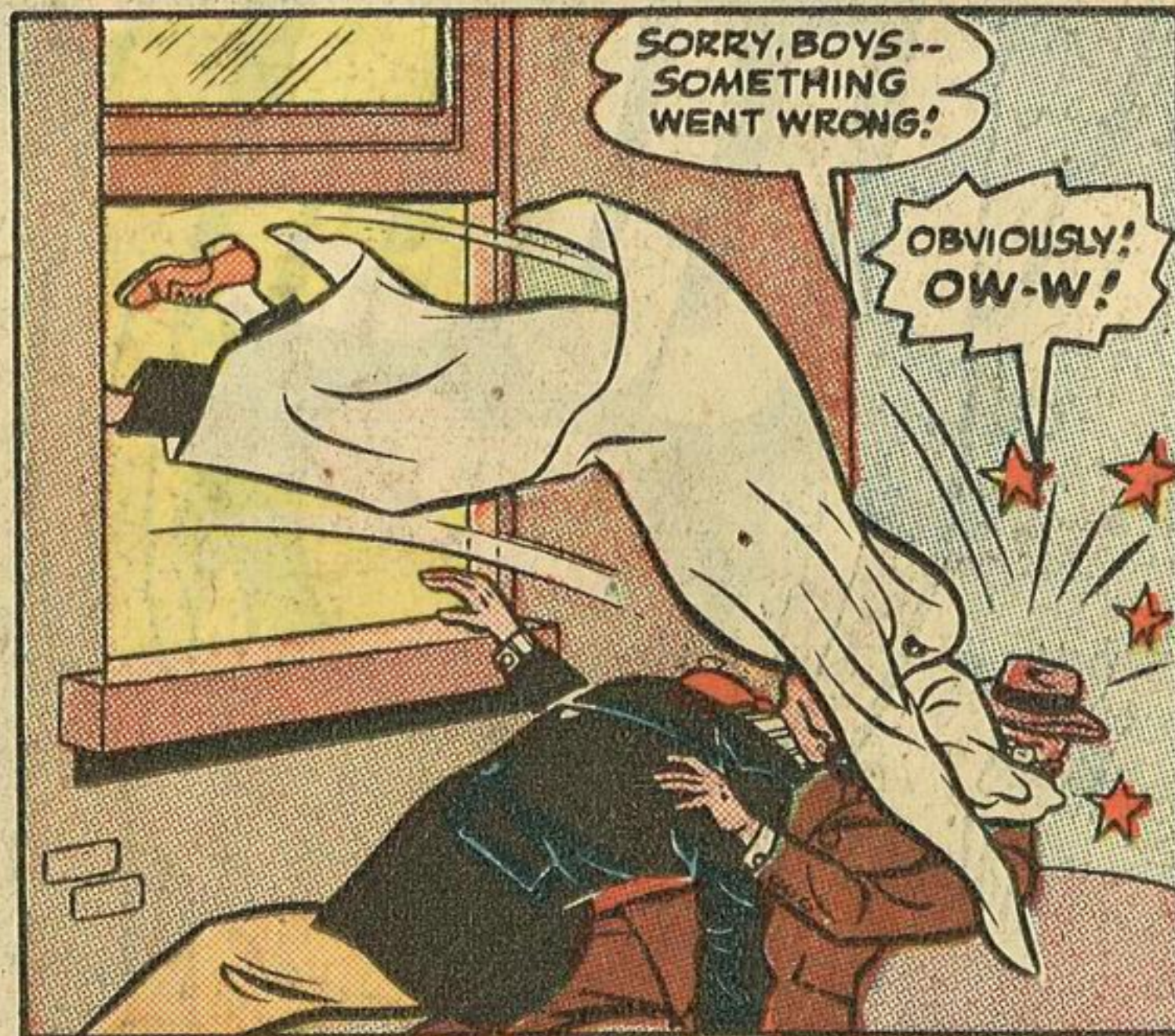


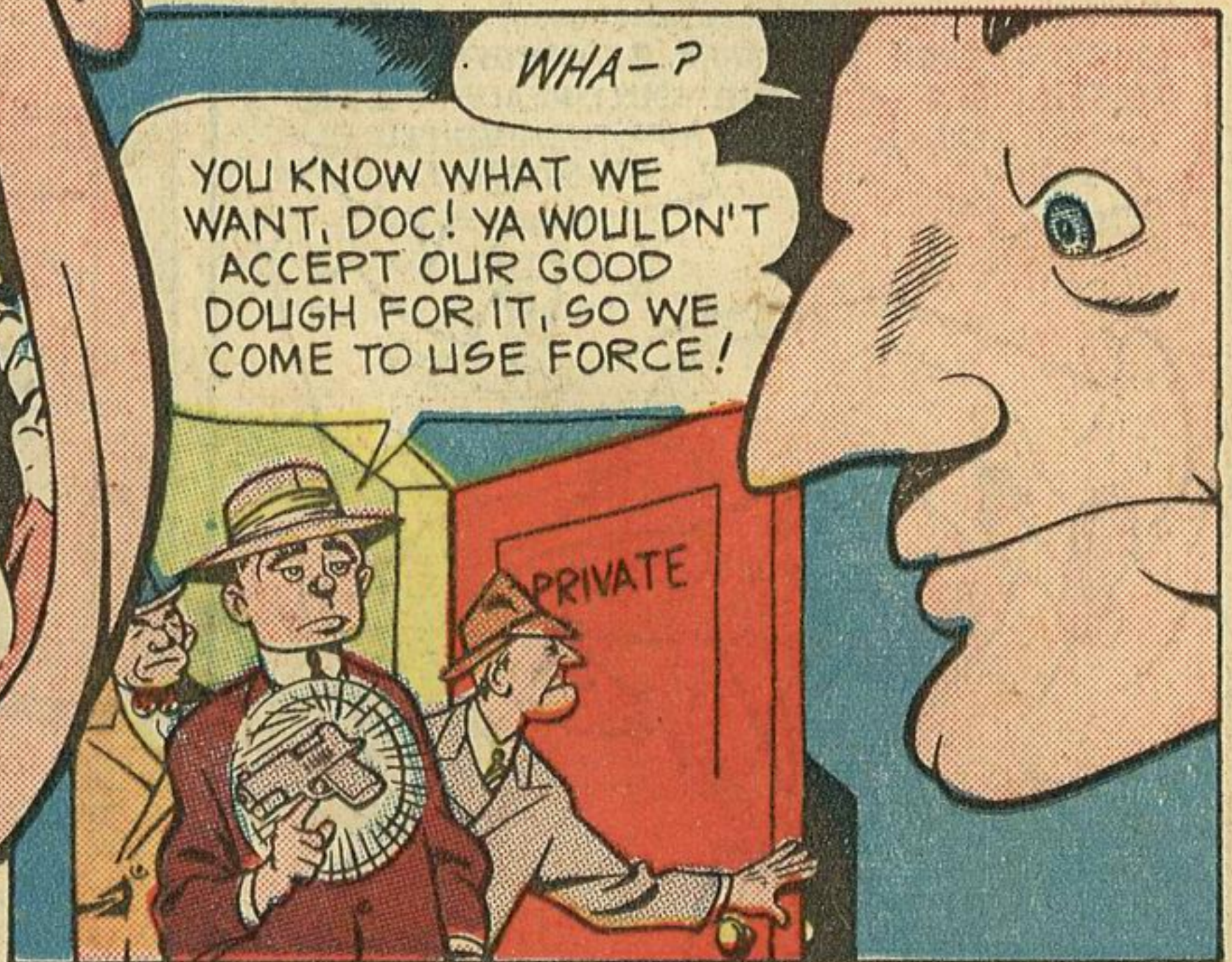


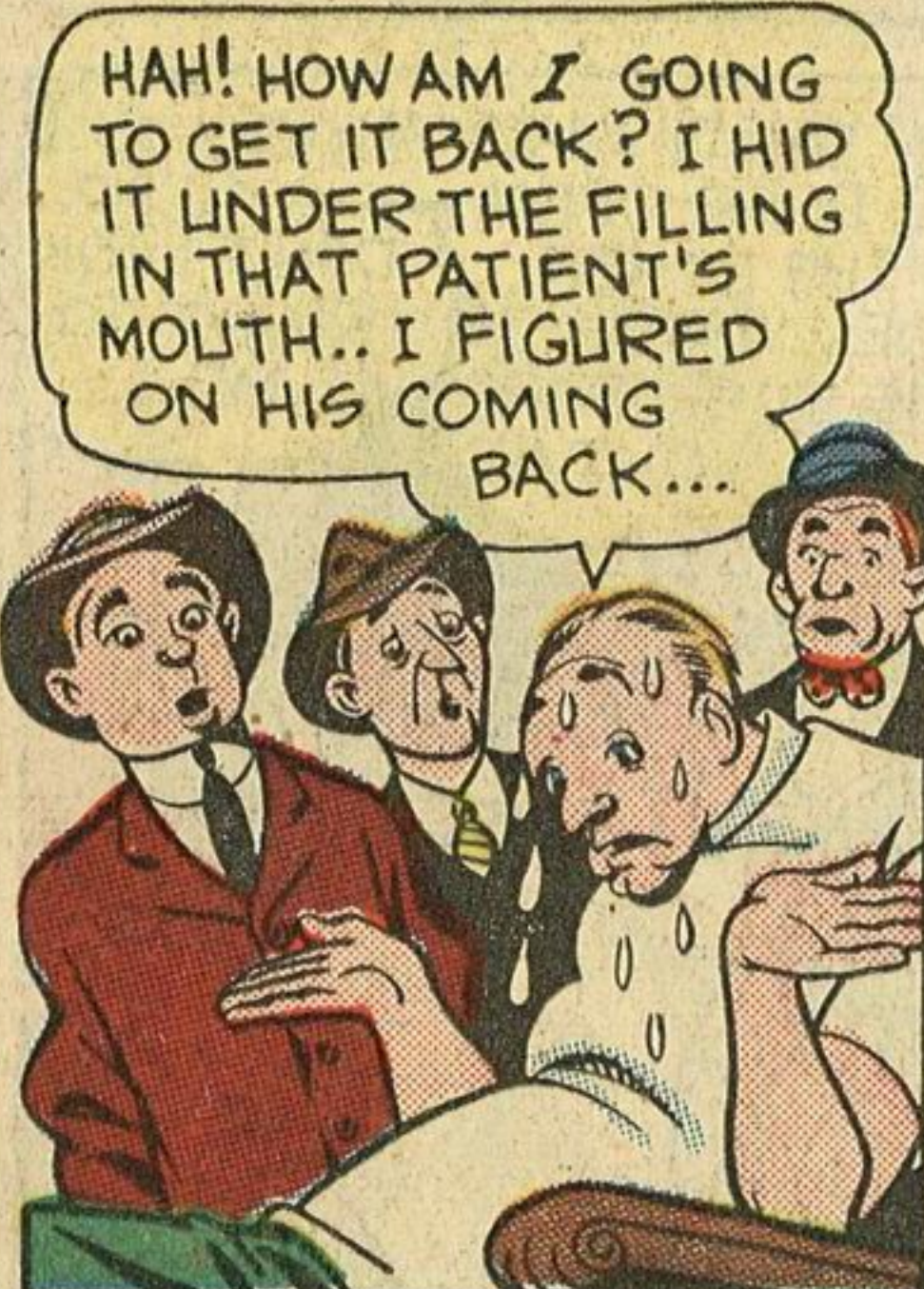




SMASH COMICS

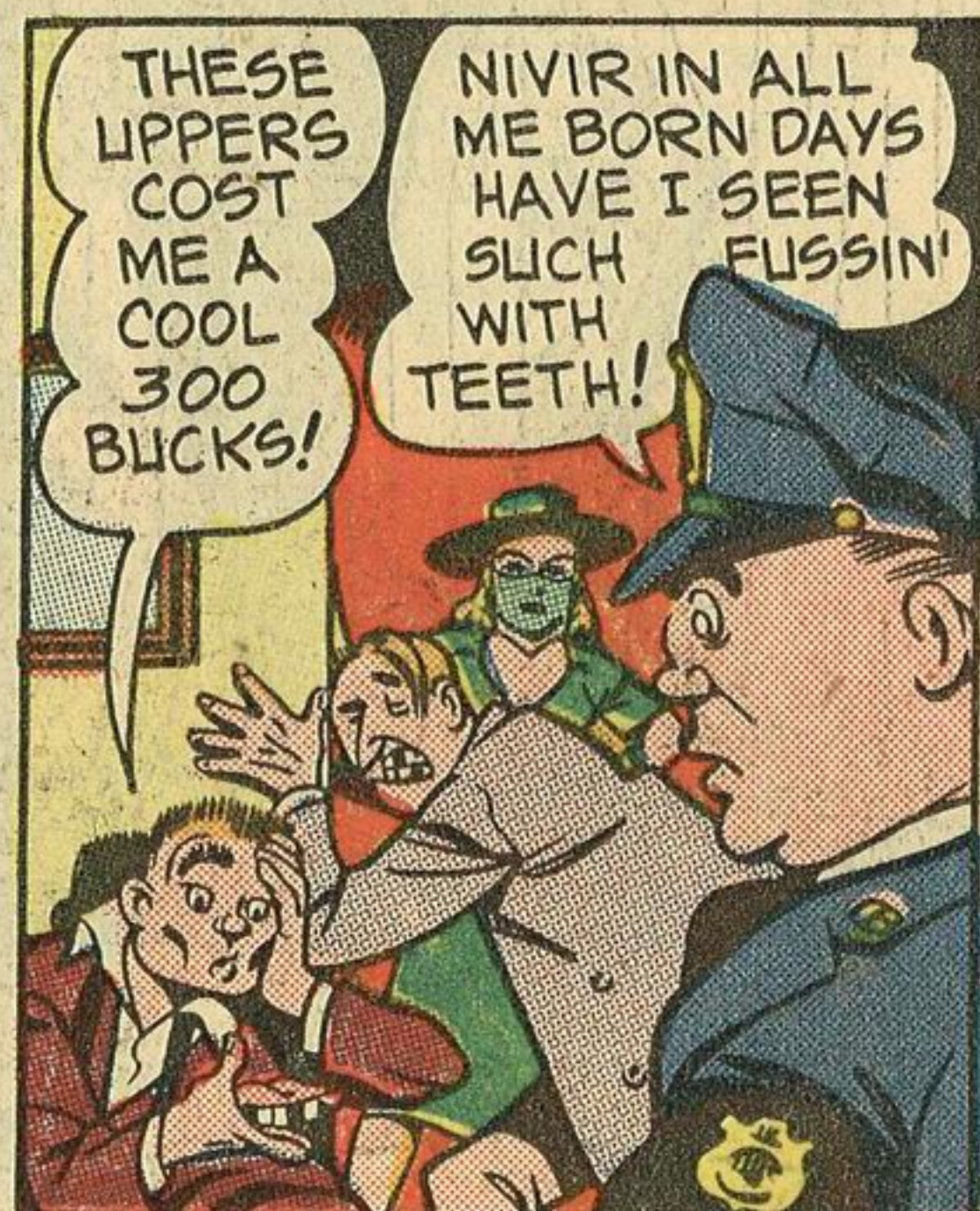






SMASH COMICS





Rookie **RANKIN**



To Big-Town Police,
THE STICKS may
mean a quiet,
bore-some assign-
ment on the
edge of the city...

The **STICKS** may also
mean terrible crushing
weapons... **CLUBS IN
THE HANDS OF BRUTAL
MEN!**

Let's follow
Rookie Rankin
to
THE STICKS!

A veteran police officer has
just been promoted...

HERE'S YOUR
ASSIGNMENT TO
DUTY, CAPTAIN
WRIGHT—COMMAND
OF PRECINCT
197!

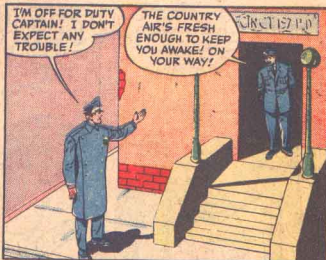
THAT'S THE NEW
PRECINCT IN
THE **STICKS**,
ISN'T IT, MR.
COMMISSIONER?



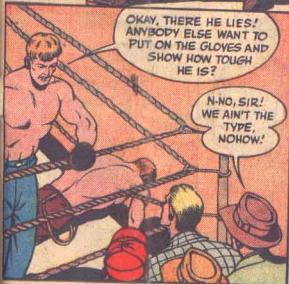
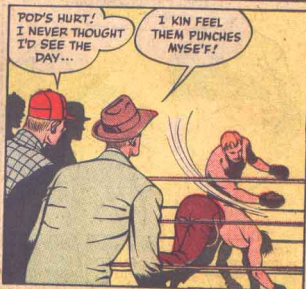
YES, IT'S A SUBURB
AND JUST INCORPORATED
INTO THE CITY!
YOU'LL HANDLE ITS
FIRST DETAIL OF
METROPOLITAN
POLICE! GOOD
LUCK!

THANK YOU! AND
YOU SAID YOU'D
LET ME PICK
SOME OF MY
OWN MEN...
AMONG OTHERS,
I WANT
RANKIN!

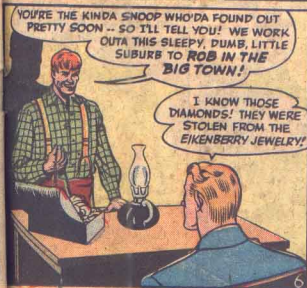
















The HELIO BANDITS

IF YOU travel over South America, you'll no doubt visit a few of the beautiful churches found there. Some of the churches are very ancient, built by the early Spaniards. Many of them have fine art works of solid gold.

Is it any wonder then that these riches should be sought by unscrupulous persons? Some of the churches have millions of dollars worth of gold ornaments and sacred objects in their possession. A few of them are notoriously remote, being built in rugged mountain fastnesses and far-distant places off the beaten trails.

Such a one is the Mission Dolores, in the mountains back of La Paz, Bolivia. And here is where our story starts.

Jimmy Christian had been in La Paz two weeks when the first theft occurred. The gold ornaments of Mission Dolores had been stolen. When the aged Indian rode into town to report it, he was so near all in he fell from his runty mule in the square.

Jimmy heard his report before he was carried off to the hospital. He followed the officers to police headquarters.

"Banditos!" muttered the chief. "In broad daylight they hold up the good padres and make off with the plate!"

"Have you any clues as to who did it?" Jimmy asked the chief.

"None whatever. What I can't understand is how they carried off such heavy pieces. There is but one road to the village—this one. A car cannot do it. Too rough and narrow."

"Horseback?" Jimmy said.

The chief shook his head. "No horses were seen, senior. Remember, there are Indians about the church at all times."

"Hm," said Jimmy. "Looks like you've got yourself a mystery. Senior Jefe."

"Si. What a mystery!"

Jimmy thought nothing more about the matter until a couple of days later. Then it was reported that a church more than 200 miles away had been similarly robbed. Again it was an inaccessible church from which the loot could not be hauled by car.

"Say, what is this?" Jimmy asked himself. He went to see the chief of police and they had a chat. Had the chief picked any clues?

"Nada," replied the Bolivian, spreading his hands in a typical gesture. "I'm at a loss to know just how these things can be performed."

"This second church—" Jimmy began.

"San Roque," said the chief. "It stands on a high mountain top. There is no road—nothing but a narrow trail leading to it." He shook his head. "Most mystifying, si."

For the next three weeks, then, church after church was robbed of its valuables. And all of them were in remote regions. The thieves had now stolen more than a million dollars worth of stuff. Where were they taking it? More important, how were they contriving to steal these things, many of them weighing hundreds of pounds?

Yes, Jimmy said to himself later, this is something worthy of my talents. I shall look into it.

The next church theft took place in Paraguay. With the chief's pull, Jimmy arranged to hire a special plane to take him to the location. It was a small mission high on a hilltop. Again, there was little enough of a road leading to it. Certainly nothing to sustain a motorcar.

He scouted around the grounds for two hours, asking questions of the padre and young neophytes. They had discovered the theft in the morning. The gold trinkets—several thousands in gold—had been stolen during the night. No one had seen the culprits.

"It is most baffling," the padre said. "We heard nothing. There were many foot marks outside of the door this morning, showing that at least two men had been in on the job. Of course, they are all trampled now."

Jimmy was able to make out the sharp heel prints of northern shoes here and there. The gold had been carried out of the church about 50 feet—and from there on no tracks were visible.

"Say, now," said Jimmy, bending over the earth, "the tracks end just here. I wonder why?"

"It is such a mystery," the good padre lamented. "To steal from the Church—Madre de Dios!"

It was a mystery! Something uncanny was afoot, and there was no mistaking that. How come those tracks ended where they did? Men simply did not vanish into the air. Especially carrying heavy weights. Or did they?

The next theft was enacted in Uruguay. But this time it was a small town bank where a mine payroll had been deposited for dispersal the following day. The bandits had suddenly appeared, lining up the clerks and a few peo-

ple in the bank. But in getting away, someone had made a suggestive move. The bandits shot him dead.

Now murder was added to the long list of crimes, and the hunt was on in earnest. Every country in South America was on the chase. And several private investigators from the States had taken it up.

Oddly enough, no one could give a good description of the two men; nor did anybody know how they managed their getaways.

The disappearing footprints bothered Jimmy. Tormented him. Such things simply couldn't happen!

Flying back to La Paz, Jimmy had time to do more thinking. More than three million dollars in loot had been taken from various churches, and the bank. Nobody had seen the thieves. A slow superstition was growing among the natives.

As they were flying over a range of lofty mountains, the pilot suddenly pointed.

"Look!" he cried "Flying out of that deep canyon. They're coming directly at us!"

The pilot sent his ship into a tight spiral to avoid what seemed would be a mid-air collision.

The windshield suddenly shattered, and the co-pilot gave a groan and slumped over his instruments.

"They're shooting at us!" cried Jimmy. "What the devil ails 'em?"

More bullets cut a path across the fuselage. They clipped an aileron and the ship went partially out of control. The pilot was capable; he held the crippled plane on a wavering course, but it was apparent that they'd have to land soon.

The other ship had disappeared into the high mountains. Jimmy mopped his steamy brow and growled under his breath as he attended the wounded co-pilot. The man had a slug through his shoulder. Jimmy bound it up.

They limped into the landing strip an hour

later and reported their experience. The chief of police immediately dispatched several patrol planes to hunt down the bandits.

"Air banditos!" he muttered. "That's a new one, no?"

Jimmy pleaded to be in on the kill, so he was allowed to fly with one of the police planes. They took off in mid-afternoon and headed into the mountains. They'd have to keep a sharp lookout because the terrain was difficult for detecting planes.

For several hours, until twilight, which is almost non-existent in the South Americas, they flew back and forth, glasses trained on the terrain.

"It seems they've given us the slip," said the pilot. "And it's getting too dark to see them."

They went back to La Paz. They would go out again in the morning.

That night a church more than 500 miles away was robbed of its golden altar and sacred trinkets. A priest was shot.

Early morning saw Jimmy and the police in the air again. They flew directly to the village where the last theft had occurred. They learned little other than the bare facts of the plundering and the shooting.

But about noon, flying high over the immediate territory, the pilot spotted a strange looking aircraft far below them. It was coming straight up.

"Helicopter!" gasped Jimmy. "So that's how they manage to light in inaccessible places."

The helio came upwards fast, and the police planes drew off, remembering the shooting yesterday. It had been too dark then to see that this ship was an "eggbeater." It came upward until the sun. Then a strange thing happened. A great bird swooped down from the lofty heights and sped directly into the flying machine. There was an instant confusion, a blinding explosion, and the ship and Condor floated downward.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1932, OF SMASH COMICS published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut) ss
County of Fairfield)

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Publisher of the SMASH COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and circulation of the said publication for the month of September, 1946, as required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1932, embodied in section 337, Title 14a and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Martin De Muth, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point,

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Clara C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Mrs. J. B. 221 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

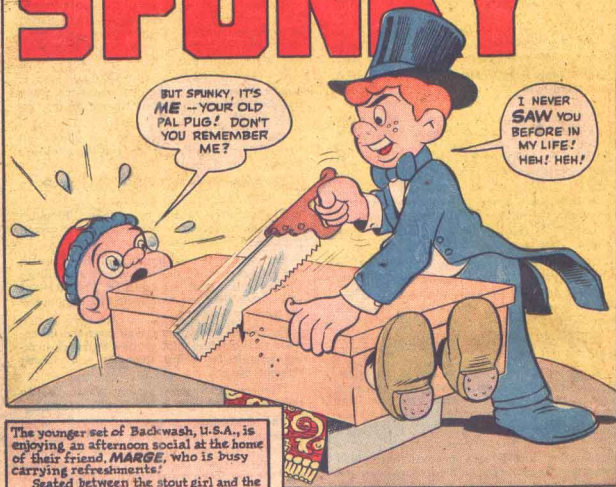
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements substantiating affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bondholder, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946.
LOUIS J. KURLANSKY, Notary Public (Commission expires April 1, 1948.)

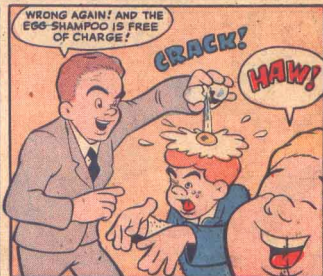
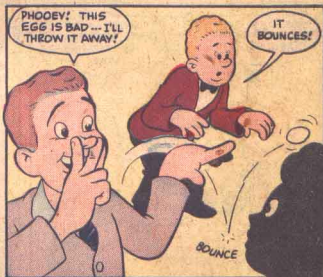
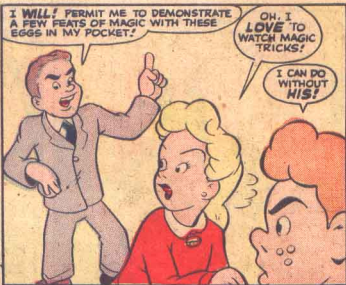
SPUNKY

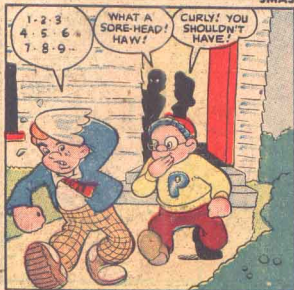


The younger set of Backwash, U.S.A., is enjoying an afternoon social at the home of their friend, **MARGE**, who is busy carrying refreshments.

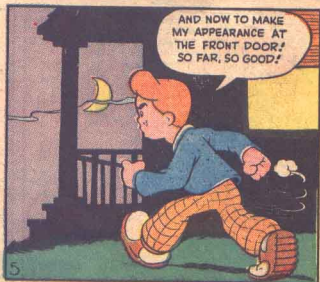
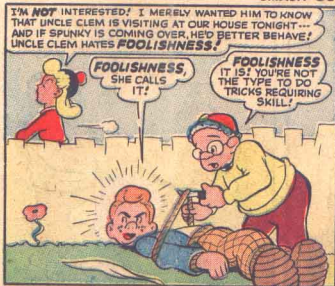
Seated between the stout girl and the lad in the bow tie, is **CURLY**, Marge's ideal of perfection! Looking on is **SPUNKY**, Marge's boy friend, and Spunky's friend, **PUG**!

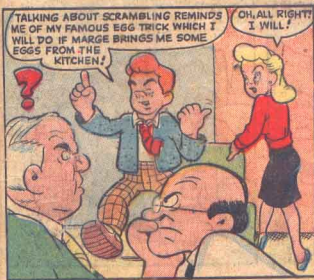
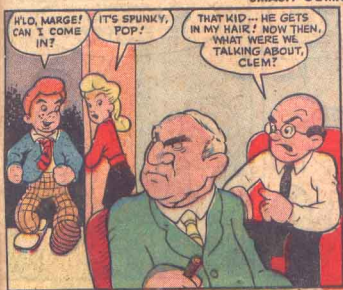


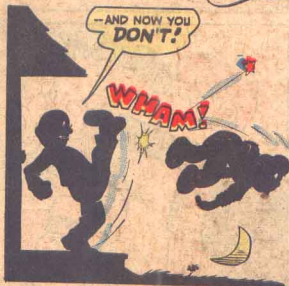
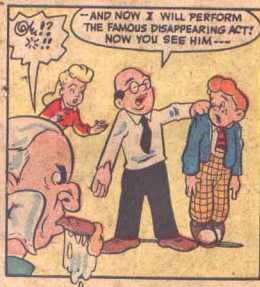












The JESTER



Since when does a criminal rate being **HIGH HAT**? Don't try to answer that question! Just watch **The JESTER** knock the high hat off **RUFFO**, who thought he'd move across the tracks!

Ruffo, head of a dozen crime corporations, is going out for the evening....

YOU GOING OUT WITH THAT MARLOWE DOLL AGAIN, BOSS? YOU DON'T LOVE HER --- WHY YOU WANNA MARRY HER?

BUSINESS, TORPEDO! I GOT DOUGH AND I WANT SOCIAL POSITION! HER OLD MAN'S GOT SOCIAL POSITION AND WANTS DOUGH! SEE?



HE OWES ME PLENTY--HE CAN PAY OFF WITH HIS DAUGHTER! SEE YOU AT THE OPERA, TORPEDO!

NOT ME, YOU WON'T! I'M GONNA PLAY CARDS WITH THE BOYS AT SCORPIO'S!



At Avery Marlowe's box at the opera...

MUST I SEE THAT RUFFO PERSON AGAIN TONIGHT, DADDY? HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

HE LIKES YOU AND HE LENDS ME MONEY! SORDID, MY DEAR, BUT PRACTICAL! HERE HE COMES!



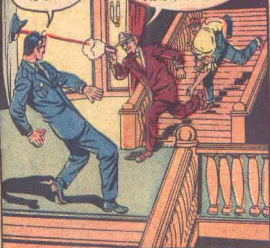
SMASH COMICS



Officer Chuck Lane is taken off guard!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?

TRYING, HE SAYS! WE'RE GETTING AWAY WITH IT!



JUST A GRAZE - BUT IT STUNNED ME WHILE THEY GET AWAY! THIS IS A JOB FOR ---



--THE JESTER!



The Ruffo-McGinty conference has come to an affable end....

SO, YA SEE, MCGINTY, MY INTENTIONS IS LEGAL AND HONORABLE! ---

GENTLEMEN! TWO SINISTER-FIGURES CAME IN HERE AND KIDNAPPED MY DAUGHTER!



THEY SAID IF I TOLD THE POLICE, THEY'D KILL HER AT ONCE!

THAT LETS YOU OUT, MCGINTY! I'LL GO AFTER HER!



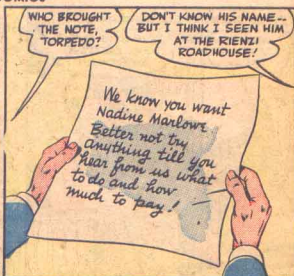
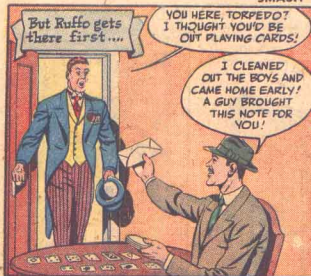
NADINE NEVER LIKED MR. RUFFO! BUT IF HE RESCUES HER, SHE MAY CHANGE HER MIND!

KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, MR. MARLOWE? RUFFO RIGGED THIS WHOLE PHONY KIDNAPPING TO IMPRESS HER! HE'LL PLAY HERO AND DAZZLE HER!



PROBABLY SHE'S BEING TAKEN TO HIS JOINT! C'MON, WE'LL GO THERE!





The back door of the roadhouse...

LIKE I FIGURED,
BOSS! IT'S
UNLOCKED!

FOLLOW ME
IN! SHOOT AT
ANYBODY YOU SEE
BUT NADINE!



I SEE HIM
COMING! IT'S
RUFFO, ALL
RIGHT!

BACK TO THE OFFICE
WHERE WE LEFT
THE DAME!



WE GOT THEM
CORNERED,
TORPEDO!

INSIDE! HERE
THEY COME!



DON'T MOVE, YOU GUYS!
NADINE, I'VE COME
TO SAVE YOU!



WRONG, RUFFO!
YOU CAME OUT HERE
WHERE WE CAN HAVE
A NICE, QUIET
REORGANIZATION
OF THE MOB!



I STAGED THIS! THAT
DAME WAS THE FIRST AND
ONLY WEAKNESS YOU EVER
HAD! WHEN SHE DISAPPEARED,
YOU GOT STAMPEDED!

WH-WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



YOU CAN'T DISH IT OUT NO MORE! SO I TAKE OVER AND YOU OBEY ORDERS! NO MORE OPERA-GOING OR SOCIETY CHICK-CHASING! HOW ABOUT IT, RUFFO, OR DO I START LOBBING LEAD AT YOU?



OKAY, IT'S A DEAL! YOU'RE BOSS, TORPEDO! AND ABOUT NADINE ---

SHE'LL HELP GET BACK SOME OF THAT DOUGH YOU LOANED HER DAD! UNTIE HER BOYS, SO SHE CAN WRITE A RANSOM NOTE!



THAT'S NOT NADINE! IT'S ---

THE JESTER! I'M NOT VERY FEMININE THIS SEASON!



GUN THAT GEEZIL, MEN!

SLOW ON THE DRAW! YOU BOYS WILL NEVER GET A JOB IN WILD WEST PICTURES!



MEET QUINOPOLIS! HE'S FULL OF BOUNCE, AND HASN'T ANY SOFT SPOTS!

KILL HIM, TORPEDO! HE HEARD THE NEW PLANS OF THE MOB! HE'LL TELL ---



THIS TORPEDO DOESN'T HAVE A FUSE TO IT!

HOLD STILL A MOMENT, AND I'LL PLUG YOU MYSELF!



YOU, AT LEAST, OUGHT TO RETIRE PERMANENTLY!

LET'S GET GOING!



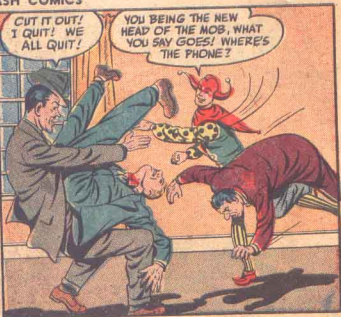
THIS IS ONE OF
TORPEDO'S GUNS...
AND I'M DYING TO
PRACTISE UP ON
USING IT!

NICE BLOCKING,
MISS NADINE! WE
WANT THESE
BOYS TO
STAY!



CUT IT OUT!
I QUIT! WE
ALL QUIT!

YOU BEING THE NEW
HEAD OF THE MOB, WHAT
YOU SAY GOES! WHERE'S
THE PHONE?



YOU SAY MCGINTY'S
NOT AT HEADQUARTERS?
INSPECTOR? WELL, DO
THIS FOR ME...



At Ruffo's
deserted
house...

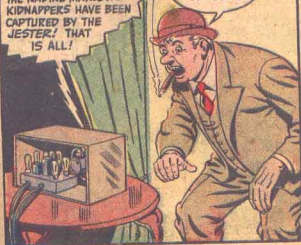
SHE'S NOT HERE!
NOBODY'S HERE!
MAYBE YOUR HUNCH
WAS WRONG,
MR. MCGINTY!

LET'S TUNE
IN ON THE
POLICE CALLS,
MR. MARLOWE!



CALLING DETECTIVE
MCGINTY! REPORT TO
RIENZI'S ROADHOUSE!
THE NADINE MARLOWE
KIDNAPPERS HAVE BEEN
CAPTURED BY THE
JESTER! THAT
IS ALL!

WELL, STICK A
NEEDLE INTO ME
AND CALL ME
A DOPE!

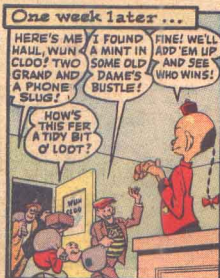


Next
day...

I GOT A NEW
ASSIGNMENT, CHUCK!
THAT NADINE MARLOWE
GIRL WANTS ME TO
FIND THE JESTER
FOR HER... SHE REALLY
GOES FOR HIM!

I WONDER
IF EITHER OF
YOU WILL
EVER LOCATE
HIM!

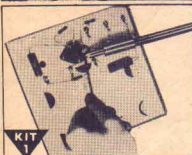






I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

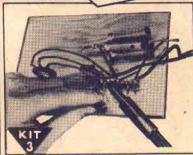
**I Send You
Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



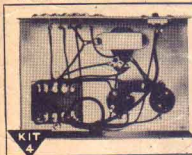
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



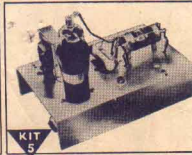
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

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under
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Frequency Modulation

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A really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Sell one order.



STURDY AXE, with Leather Sheath. Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell one order of seeds



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Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order of American seeds



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"Peggy Sweetheart" is the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of American seeds



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"Nothing else like it." Head turns at any angle. You can stand it up, or clip it on—leaving both hands free. Given, complete with two batteries, for selling one order of seeds



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A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, of American seeds, plus \$1.50 extra



OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET

Boys! Here's a swell outfit for you. Regulation size Bat and



Ball plus a baseball Cap. All given for selling one order of seeds.



A big, husky **HUNTING KNIFE**, with Leather Sheath. Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order

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Boys! Get this big, all-metal repeating Cap Pistol with Holster and Lariat. It's a reproduction of **ROY ROGERS'** own Gun, with clicking hammer and twirling cylinder. Fires roll caps. Sell one order of seeds, plus, \$1.50 extra.

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